

DOCTOR WHO

GREEN FINGERS

PART TWO

LAST TIME: ON A SECRET LABORATORY IN SPACE, PLANTS THAT TURN LETHAL IN SUNLIGHT HAVE JUST BEEN SET LOOSE BY A TRAITOR!

I HOPE YOU'VE GOT GREEN FINGERS, DOCTOR!

BRASK, GIVE US BACK CONTROL! WE'VE GOT TO GET THE SPACE STATION BACK INTO THE SHADOW OF THE PLANET!

NOT A CHANCE, DOCTOR! BY THE TIME YOU'VE RESTORED CONTROL AND FOUGHT OFF THOSE PLANTS I'LL BE LONG GONE!

DOCTOR!

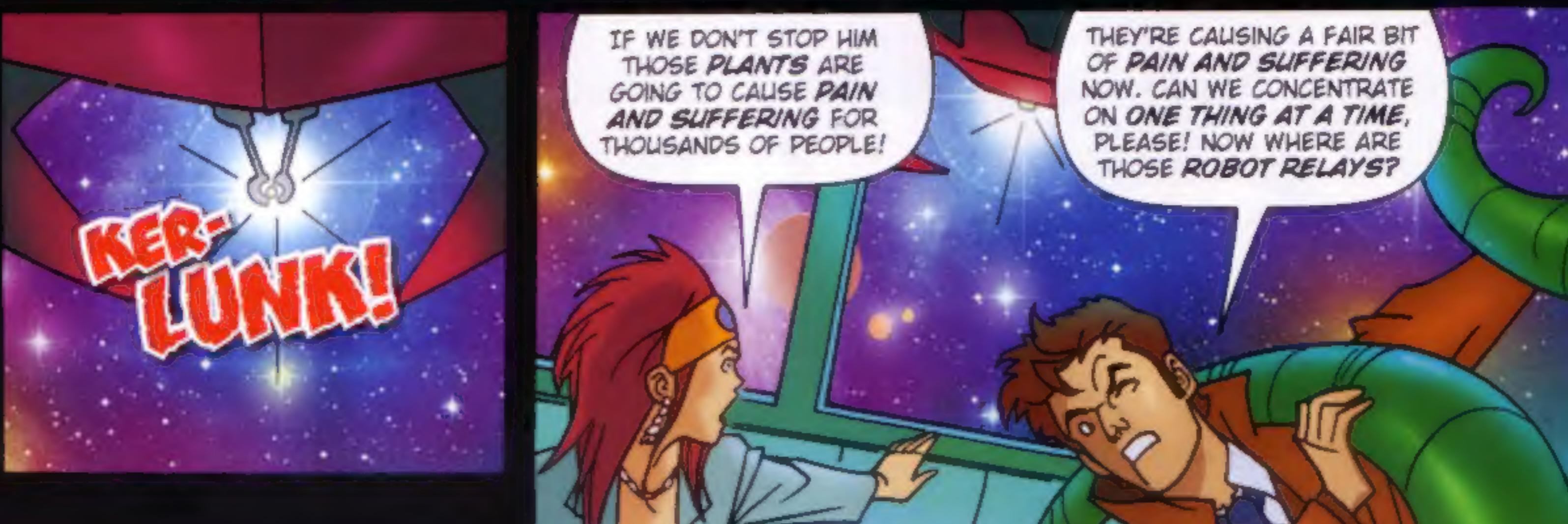
HANG ON, FLYNT!

A BIT OF THIS, A DASH OF THAT. PHEW! THAT'S STARTING TO PONG A BIT...

Script MIKE TUCKER
Art JOHN ROSS
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK
Letters PAUL VYSE

...BUT IT DOES THE JOB!

HISSSSSSSSS!



THERE! FOR ALL THE GOOD IT'S GOING TO DO US! HOW IS THIS GOING TO HELP US GET THE SPACE STATION BACK INTO ORBIT?

IT'S NOT! BRASK'S DONE A GOOD JOB OF DISABLING THE MAIN CONTROLS, BUT HE'S LEFT THE SECONDARY SYSTEMS ALONE. SO IF I CAN JUST GET TO THE ROBOT CONTROL PROTOCOLS...

HISSSSSSS!

AAAARGH!

NNGH. GET OFF HIM!

NEARLY GOT IT!

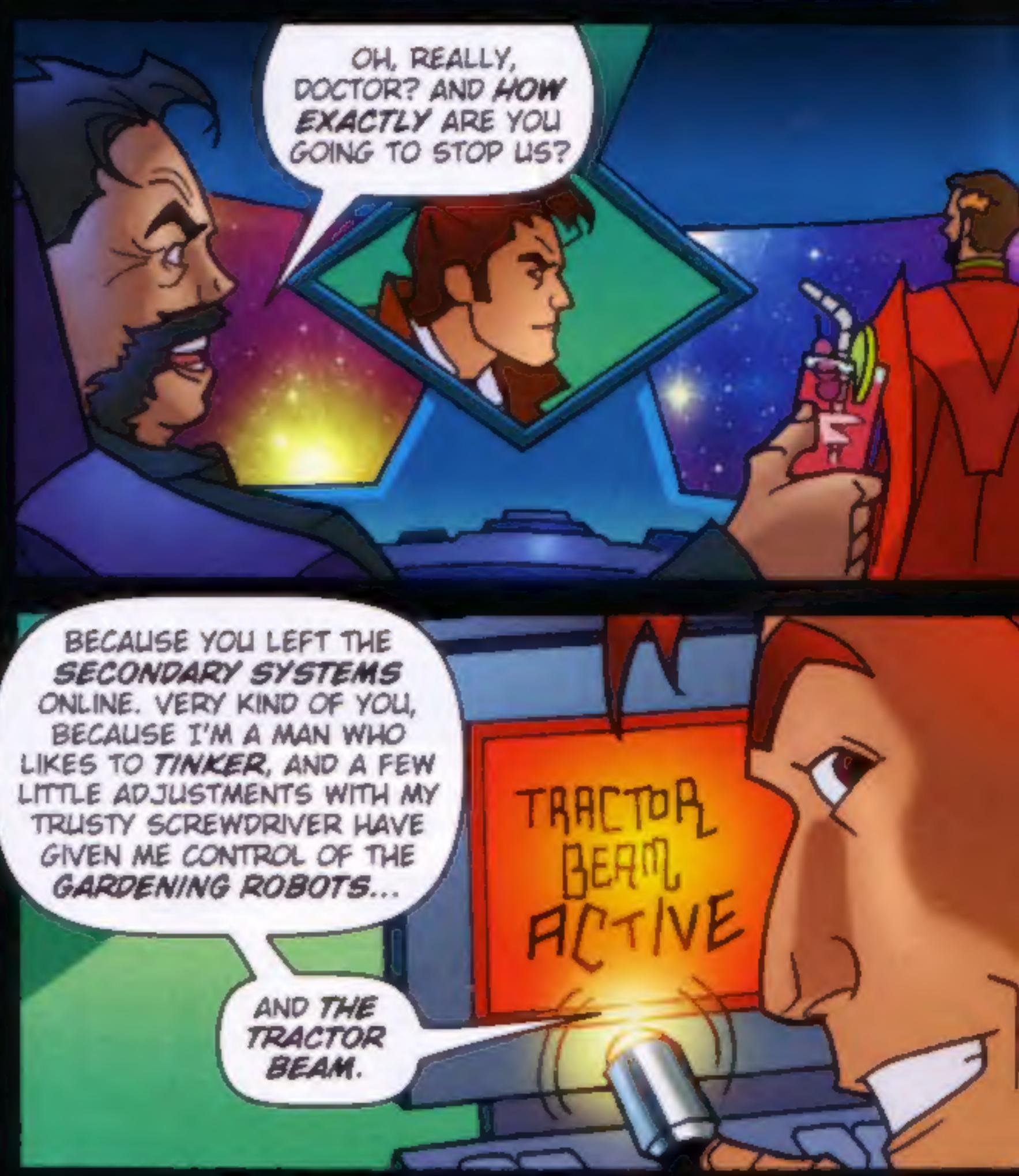
"THERE!"

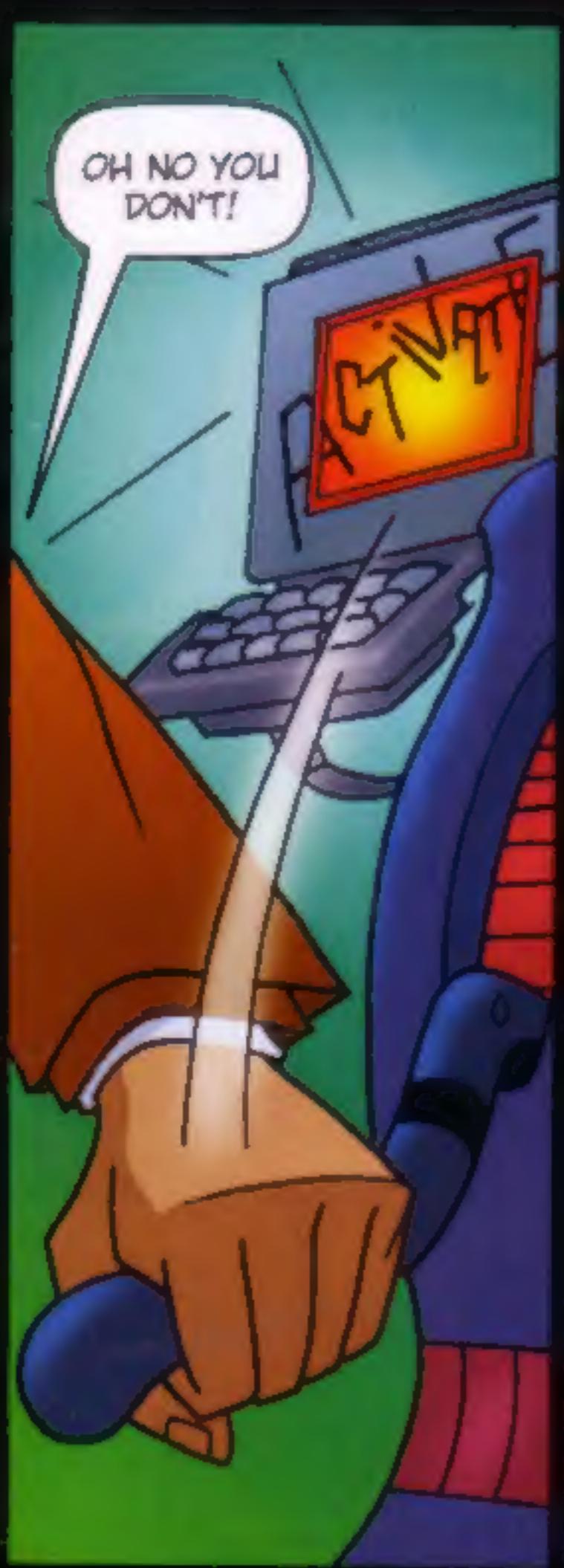
WEEEEE!

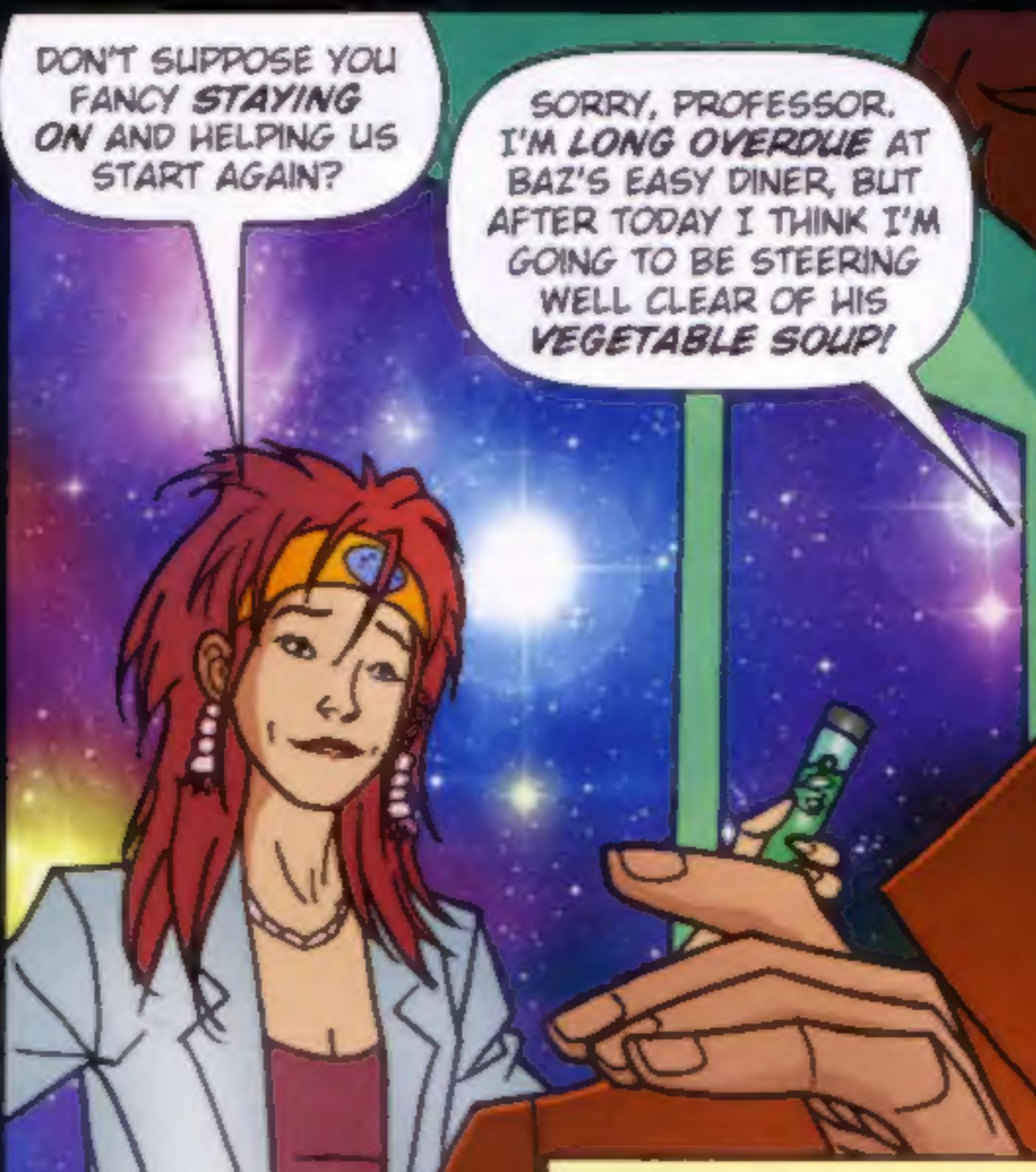
THAT'S GOT THEIR ATTENTION!

GREAT! BUT HOW DOES THAT HELP?









A BRAND-NEW ADVENTURE STARTS NEXT ISSUE!